A RHINOCEROS OF THE SEAS. CATCHING A GR AT SWORDFISH OFF

An Ex-Congressman Before the Mast-His Ex. Congression Delors to Manual Prints and Tribulations on the Schooner Mystery—Paraphernalia of a Fisherman A Sen Dotted with Portuguese Men-ur-War-The Beath-dealing Dart-An Ocean Monster's Desperate Fight for Life.

BLOCK ISLAND, July 25 .- In July and August Block Island is a paradise for both amateur and professional fishermen. The Island lies at the cutrance of Long Island Sound, between Narragansett Bay and Montauk. Point Judith light is in plain sight. Block Island has about 1.200 inhabitants in winter and between 5,000 and 6,000 in summer. The natives are mostly hardy fishermen. Great schools of bluefish are now sporting near the surf and mackerel swarm off the coast. Messra. Tripler and Robins of Wall street have a stand tor striped bass, which appear later in the seasot The gamy little kingfish scours the sandy bottom, and fluxes as large as door mats are eaught from the breakwater. The Napoleon of all the finny tribe, however, is the swordfish. He is courageous and voracious. Like the rhi-noceros, he carries a deadly weapon upon his nose, and is unscrupulous in its use. Indeed. he may be aptly termed the rhinoceros of the seas. The waters of Block Island are his summer home. Nowhere in American seas does he appear in greater numbers. His weight here runs from 150 to 600 pounds. His flesh sells in Eastern markets at from 15 to 20 cents per pound. A score or more of smacks are now

engaged in the fishery.
It is glorious sport. I shipped for a day on the schooner Mystery, a regular fishing boat, It was 6 A. M. when I boarded her. The ocean was relied in mist. The surf was pounding the rocks below the Spring House, Glimpses of the mackerel fleet were caught in the fog berond the breakwater. There was a light wind from the southeast. The mainsail and foresail were hoisted and the jib was set. Then a tepsail was shaken out and a staysail hauled

As we mounted the swells of the Atlantic I sat n an armchair and scanned the little craft with a critical eye. There was nothing ornamental about her. She was equipped for busipess alone. She reminded me of a working woman in working women's clothes. Her cabin was well forward. It was not larger than a good-sized dry goods box. Two men could occrowd it. There was no wheel. The only steering gear was a long fron tiller. Beneath the hatch sat several barrels of mackerel, the eatch of the previous week. They were well ait, and they put the stern of the vessel well down in the water. Aside from the space swept by the tiller there was little room upon deck. rusty anchor was sprawled near the foremast. Its mate swung a fluke over the weather bow. The schooner had low bulwarks and capacious scuppers. On the right was a box filled with chum for mackerel. Beyond was a tub awaiting the coil of a line used in playing a swordfish. On the left was a barrel half filled with mackerel. They were in their first pickle, and they had a savory smell. Nearby stood a tub of sait. Four or five red kegs, rigged as floats, for use after a fish is struck, ers upon end near the cabin. Two rusty lances, shaped like shocknives, gave a hint of the coming conflict. They were afterward used in giving the death blow to a great fish. The intervening places were filled with folded

sails and sheet ropes nently coiled. Away off on the tip of the bowsprit was a small pen made of iron bars and shaped like the lectern of an Episcopal church. It is called a pulpit. From this pulpit the expert hurls a brass dart into the fish below him. The swaying vessel tosses him above the waves, as, harpoon in hand, he awaits the appearance of the monster. The little schooner was manned by three persons, including the skipper and steward. knit young man, with blue eyes and more than the steward. He had short gray hair, a merry sawed-off little fellow about five feet two inches long. His eyes sat close in to his nose,

and he had a Bay o' Biscay swing as he moved over the deck. With all sail set we headed for Nantucket. The steam fog horn near Block Island light was uttering its note of warning. The breeze freshened, and the fog slowly lifted. The waves were tipped with the glow of a bright morning sun. There was purling music at the bow as the spray began to fly, and the dory at the stern essayed an accompaniment. Anon the scuppers began to lap the water in chorus down and stowed at the foot of the foremast The ocean was dotted with the sails of fishermen. The mackerel fleet was already hard at work, and sloops playing the sauld for bluefish were seen at the end of the island. More beautiful than all were the tiny, iridescent sails of Portuguese men-of-war. The little marvels of marine life rode the swells as light as thistledown. There were scores of them. Many were as large as finger bowls. The pink stitches in their translucent canvas were clearvisible. Suddenly a school of little silver

fish flashed from the wave.
"Those are lant," the skipper observed. "The mackerel feed on them. They look like a shiner, but I think they're young herring."

The ice once broken, the skipper opened his budget. The swordfish grounds, he said, were about eight miles off the island. The fish appear toward the end of June, and disappear in September. They feed on schools of ling, butterfish and scup. Their sword is even more formidable than the snout of a rhinoceros. It

terfish and soup. Their sword is even more formidable than the snout of a rhinoceros. It resembles an old Roman sword. "You ought resembles an old Roman sword." You ought to see them sirike into a school once," continued the skipper. They go like lightning sleening right and left, and cutting many a list clean lative. When the water is covered with clean lative, when the water is covered with skilling the mile way in the clean lative, which is the clean day, Block Island lay behind us glistening like an occan gem. Her green bills were dotted with actels and boarding houses. Her lighthouse picked the sky like a huge needle, and the porks along the shore were hidden in clouds of spray. The ocean was still whitened with sals. Two four-masted schoobers were gliding along the horizon. Great guils were whirling through the air and Mother Carey's chicks were skimming the waves. The breeze was still ireshening. Everything betokened renewed life. Suddenly the stewards head appeared above the little companion way. Breakfast!" he shouted. The skipper and myself descended into the cabling the steward took the tiller, and breakfast, though not served in regal style. Boiled potatoes that showed the pearl of the meal between the times of the fork when mashed, fried fresh veal, a boiled mackered like codish balls were spread before us. The lid of the crock served as a butter plate. Coffee was poured into a tin cup and sweetened from an old can of sugar. It was a meal that even Charles Delimonico would have relished.

Alter breakfast cigars were lighted, and the sleward and crew took their places at the table. The skipper lashed the iron tiller, and while the ship kept on her course overhauled has daria. They are of brass and barbed like an arrow. The line is fas

carrin the fish with the line attached to it. The line runs along the schooner to a tub in which it is couled and is finally snooded to a ried key, which is thrown overboard when the lieb takes the line from the tub.

I call this pole the Doctor, said the skipper as the line from the tub.

I call this pole the Doctor, said the skipper as the line from the first day in the first

the bowsprit, resting his arms upon the stanch-ioned harpoon, with ears and eyes open, ready the bewaprit, resting his arms upon the stanchioned harpoon, with ears and eyes open, ready
for tu-iness.

We were well out to sea, and noaring the feed
ing grounds of the swordish. The sun was
hot, but the breeze wa cool and refreshing.
Great beds of seawed began to drift past us.
Some carried stranded Portuguese men-ofwar. A man-of-war was dashed over the low
hulwark of the schooner anniaped upon deck.
It was sha, ed like a cocked hat. Giutinous
strings ran from tike the roots of trees. They
served as ballast, and held it steady while
affoat. Under the rays of a burning sun its
fridescence quickly vanished. It melted like a
joilyfish on the bach. The roots or tentacles
are noisonous, and it was carefully handled.
As it lost its beauty it became repulsive, and
was tossed over-board.

The steward remained at the iron tiller. He
waved his hand toward the mackerel fleet to
leeward, saying; "Those cussed catchers are
at work again. They come down from the East
and spoil the fishing here. They get the
mackerel wild."

Nearer by was the schooner Arabella. She
was swordfishing. A man was poised above
her boweprit, harpoon in nand. Suddenis above

was swordfishing. A man was polsed above her bowsprit, harpoon in hand. Suddenly she went about. "That's the lucklest old cuss on the island," the steward growled. "He's got a

ocean swells came longer and stronger. The ocean swells came longer and stronger, and the breeze threw our lee rail under water, but our lookout remained silent. The skipper varied the monotony by harp-oning an old straw hat, which came into sight on the creat of a wave. We changed our course, but it did not change our luck. Meantime the Arabella was shifting to all roints of the compass. Her povements nettled the steward. "Lucky old devil," he blurted out. "he's gor another one." No, he hasn't, "replied the skipper. "He's ironed one and he's got his boat out after it. That's what's the matter. He's keeping off for his boat."

That's what's the matter. How keeping on for his boat.

The steward made no answer. He kept his eyes on the Arabella, however. It was evident that he doubted the word of the skipper. The latter left the pulpit and shot into the cabin. He returned with an antique spyglass. After drawing it out he took a long hok at the Arabella. Then he shut it with vim, and said: "He ant't catching no fish. He's got his boat out. Guess he's caught on to a snipe."

"What he shiller" I ventured to ask.

"He's a bill fish, and no good," was the sententious reply.

"What is a snipe?" I ventured to ask,
"He's a bill fish, and no good," was the sententious reply.

The rolling swell, the musical rush of the foam, the monotonous swirl of the dory, the glowing sun, the unificated sky, and the cheering breaze made me sleepy. While dozing in the armchar I was startled by a shout from the steward. The skipper had turned the lens of the telescope into a sun glass, and thrown the focus upon the nape of his neck. There was an earnest protest seasoned with Block Island profunity, and the steward's eye again became lastened upon the Arabella. She had lufled, and was slowly swinging into stays. "Guess that old cuss is after one this time." he murmured. Then as he saw the Arabella. She had lufled, and was slowly swinging into stays. "Guess that old cuss is after one this time." he murmured. Then as he saw the Arabella. She had lufled, and was slowly swinging into stays. "Guess that old cuss is after one this time." he murmured. Then as he saw the Arabella. She had lufled, and was slowly swinging into stays. "Half as scallyhootin". We'll see one bimeby with both lins stuck out. Hurrah-the devil, then: I thought I see one cut not long ago." Half an hour passed. A dozen schooners and sloops were within two miles of us. The little speck over their bowsprits told us that they were upon the same errand as ourselves. Suddenly we saw a red ker shooting over the waves. At times it disappeared like the float of a rod and roel when a big flan has been struck. Anon it came to the surface and lairly sizzed over the wa'er. A sloop not far away came about and picked it up, but she was so distant when she secured the fish that we could not see how large it was. Within twenty minutes I saw the skipper of a sloop on our left strike a fish. He was a tail, athlete man, with a long reach. As he stood upon the bowsprit silhouetted against the sky, harboon aloft, he made a picture not easily forgoties. He struck the flsh as it was disappearing under the bow of the sloop. As the red key was thrown overboard an

"Close under the weather bow," was the reply.

"Keep off! keep off!" cried the skipper to the helmsunan. "Slack the main sheet! Hard upkeep the tiller hard up!"
I sprang upon the little cabin near the bow. In a great swell near by I saw the outlines of a huge fish. A sickle-shaped tall appeared above the surface, cutting the water like a knife. The monster steered himself under the very nose of the skipper, who, to my surprise, made no effort to strike him.

"It's only a big billish," he said, applegetically. "There was a swordish around here, but he's gone down."

purpled and the veins in his neck were distended.
Closer came the leviathan. The little schooner pitched in the trough of the sea. Her manusall began to finiter. As she arose on a swell the fish furched toward her bow. He was a finny giant. He had as great a girth as Warren Leiand, and was fully half as long as the Expytian obelisk. As he rolled at the foot of the swell, the skipper hurled the iron into him. It struck him near the forein, and he sank under the bow.

"Stack the main sheet? Keep her off!" secamed the skipper, as he drew the stick from the dart, and shot away from the rulpit.

The huge lish seemed loggy. The line shed slowly from the tub and the great red float was feisurely heaved overboard. As it disappared under the vessel the lookout espied a second lish.

"Hard-a-lee" he cried.
"Hard-a-lee" he cried.
"The hims filted a new dat, and again.

"Hard-a-lee, no cried.
"Hard-a-lee it is," returned the steward at the heim.

The skipper fitted a new dart, and again sprang to the pulpit. A second line was colled in the tub. The schooner came about slowly. Hardly had the wind illied her sails before the second fish disappeared. Two minutes afterward he showed un to the leeward,
"Jibe her, lite her," shouted the skipper,
"Hold her!" sereamed the lookout, who was again misled by a billish.
The conflicting orders dazed the helmsman,
He tried to hold her, but too late. She libed,
The great booms flew around, knocking over the armchair. The lib sheet caught on the anchor, and the throat of the boom liew from the mainmast. Things began to look squally. The lookout and skipper again shouted conflicting orders. The latter stood in the pulpit, brandishing the harnoon. The second fish was not more than thirty leet away. The vessel, however, swerved while the skipper was yelling," Hold her in the wind," and the opportunity to bury a second from was lost.

Down rushed the disappointed skipper from the pulpit, Hesselzed the tiller, while the steward freed the jib and main-ail. Valuable time was lost. The second fish went under, and was seen no more.

Meantime the floating keg showed signs of

ard freed the jib and main-sil. Valuable time was lost. The second fish went under, and was seen no more.

Meantime the floating keg showed signs of life. The broeze had grown stronger, and the keg was spinning along the waves an eighth of a mile away like a wounded duck.

"That lish is going like the devil," said the steward as he wiped the tobacco juice from his mouth.

"Stand by to take in the keg," replied the skipper, as he put the helm hard-a-lee.

The steward seized a huge gaff hook as the little schooner came about. She was put upon a new course and gave chase to the keg. It was a stern chase, but as hir one. The keg was hooked, and drawn abroad. The slack was taken in, and a pressure was put upon the fish. He made a slight resistance. The skipper lashed the tiller, and came to the assistance of the sleward. Hand over hand they pulled in the monater. As he neared the vessel the skipper shouted, "Get the lance, and stand by to give it to him."

The steward seized the lance and made ready to plungs it into the fish as he broke water. The steward was standing near the foremast.

"Get aft, get aft!" roared the skipper, "so

The steward seized the lance and male ready to plunge it into the fish as he broke water. The steward was standing near the foremast.

"Get aff. get aft!" roared the skipper, "so that you can give it to him good."

Aft went the steward. He stood with raised lance. The huge lish neared the boat. His great eye was upturned. He seemed to sense the gravity of the situation in an instant. As the steward was about to hur! the lance, the immense tail lashed the water and filled his eyes with brine. In a jiffy the monsier was off again. The skipper gave line slowly until at least two hundred feet were taken out. The fish went to the bottom and tried to suik. The pressure, however, was too great.

All this time the schooner was slowly holding her course with a lashed tiller. Both men went at the lish with renewed earnesiness. They worked him from the bottom inch by inch, holding what they secured by pressure on the gunwale. Finally the mouster gave way, He came toward the surface, appearing on each side of the ship, and darting under the dory trailing astern. Then he made a break for the bow, and for some minutes kept neck and neck with the bowspiri. He next stationed himself under the keel, and kept headway with the ship. Again he cesayed to reach the bottom. The strain was too much. He took out not more than illy feet of line and rested. His lighting spirit was gone.

Now, rush him, rush him up!" cried the skipper.

skipper.
Hand over hand the fish was once more drawn to the surface. As the living blue log rolled into sight beneath the waves the skipper seized

the lance and made repeated thrusts into its brain. This stunned the monster and made it sick. It vomited a bushel or more of small fish and rolled belly upward. In a flash the lance sped into its vitals. The water was dyed with blood. Around the enormous tail went the bight of a rope, and by the aid of a tackle block the game was drawn on deck, its huge head resting upon the bow buiwark. There was a slight spasm and the fish was dead. It was over sixteen feet long and weighed over 400 rounds. Its sword was nearly four feet long and over four inches wide.

The water swamed with billish attracted by the blood. They quickly discussed of the bushel of small ity ejected from the stomach of the swordish. Mother Carey's chickens got the tibbits that floated to the surface.

As the great fish died it took on all the colors of the rainbow. Its back, head, and sword were at first of a beautiful brouze, and its belly pearly silver in color. A dying dolphin alone could have shown more lovely tints. The eyes were exquisite. They were the size of ice cream plates. The pupils were as large as half dollars and as translucent as moon-tones. The tail was spread out like the wings of an easile. The huge fish was rolled forward and covered with a tarpaulin. The decks were washed, the sails sot anew, and the schooner Mystery sailed homeward, while the red lights of a setting sun filumined the ocean. The skipper took the tiller and retailed stories of the pluck and strength of the swordish. He said that last week he gavo chase in a dory to a spinning keg. It proved to be dangerous sport. The fish was ro unmanageable that they were forced to put a second dart into it. The boat was towed a mile or more, when there was a suide a slack on the line. While the skipper and a brother tar were taking in the slack, the fish made a drive or the bottom of the boat. Its sword vierced the boat, entered the leg of the skipper's ompanion near the bip, and lifted him from his feet. He is now lying at the point of death from blood poisoning.

Twickl

FALLEN AMONG THIEFES.

Mohammed Ben All's Experience With the Bunco Men of Gotham,

Mohammed Ben All to Ismail Mustapha love that dieth not and greetings of great joy, Behold, the wisdom of the land of sand and pomegrantes hath stood me in great stead this day; whereof, I now sit me down to write

pouregranates hath stood me in great stead this day; whereof, I now sit me down to write unto thee the true and touching story. To-day I was walking in the street called Broadway. I was walking in the street called Broadway, because it is so narrow and overrowded, near the street called Canal, because it hath no canal near it, when a benevolent-looking stranger, with a long, white beard, accosted me, saying;

"Hello! Shelk Abdallah, how are you?"

"I am not the Shelk Abdallah, 'said I, 'and I marvel that thou didst ever hear of him. I am simply Mohammed Ben All, a merchant of Bagdad."

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but you look just like the Shelk Abdallah, who used to travel with Barnum,"

I passed on, and had gone but a few yards when another benevolent-looking stranger, wenting a large black moustache and a great diamond, accosted me, saying:

"Why, I am sure this must be Mohammed Ben All of Bagdad."

"That is true," said I; "but how didst thou know it?"

"My friend, Boswell Poor, travelled in the East, and met you in Bagdad. If you will come around to my office, I'll send for him."

Now, son of the Nightingale, my memory recalled no such man, but I thought it best to go. He took met, poorly lighted room, where we go. He took me tur such many streets, and at last to a small, poorly lighted room, where we

found another man sitting.

"Where's Eoswell?" asked this man.
"I don't know," said my new friend: "let us send for him."
So saying, he went to the door and called into the hallway.

"John, go and tell Mr. Poor to come around at one." at once."

I saw no boy in the hall as we entered, and when he had called he closed the door and locked it. I was now suspicious, and I obtained possession of the key by means which thou knowes: My new friend at down and whistled. Suddenly he said to the man at the table:

"Say, Jim, what's the matter with having a little game while we wait for Boswell?"

"I'll go you," said the other.

the very nose of the skipper, who, to my surprise, made no effort to strike him.

"It's only a big billish," he said, apologetically, "There was a swordish around here, but he's gone down."

Another monotonous hour passed, The steward held on to the tiller and scanned the horizon for novelties. Montauk Point ioomed up in the south like a low cloud.

"There comes a square rigger up there," said the steward, pointing to a sail far away, "I shouldn't wonder if that's the bark that's been missing from Newport so long. She cleared from Brunswick in June, and nothing's been never heard of her since."

The skipper again left the pulpit, and levelled the glass at the stranger.

"That's no bark," he said, after a long look, "She's a Government schoolship, She has a single top. I can tell her by the netting, under her bows. She's going to Newport."

"There's a big fish on the weather bow."

"There's a big fish on the weather bow."

"The skipper again dashed to the pulpit, He saw the monster, and becan to poise bis iron. "Right your wheel," he roared, "and haul her up on the wind!"

Two great fins began to cut the water not forty feet away. Again I sprang upon the cabin. This time there was no mistake. A monstrous fish was umberling along in a heavy swell. He was evidently going to cross our bows if we held our course.

"Steady—hold her hard." cried the skipper, straightening himself on the tip of the sprit.

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the left as the nee.

"Wrong," said the man; "it's here."
And he turned up the card at the right. But it was a king. Then he turned up the one at the left, and it was the ace, I see thee smile as thou readest of my doing this old, old trick. But the man did not smile.

"There's some trick here," he said.

"Burely," said I, with great innocence, "no one could suspect trickery in this place."

I was now \$\forall \text{ head}, but my manner reasured my friend, and we went at it again. This time—I see thee smile again—no ace could be found at all.

"You duffer," said the man who took me there. "you've dropped it."

They searched on the floor, but could not find it. When they lifted their heads again they beheld the ace standing on end on the table and dancing. Brother of the Pyramids, I blush to tell thee that I practised this aged trick on these unsuspecting strangers; but I was anxious to measure their ignorance. They sprang to their feet and turned pale.

"What alwarms you, friends?" I said: "there is a draught from the window which blows the cards about. Let us close it." That reasured thom, and they closed the window. Then we began again. Once more the ace was missing. While they searched on the floor again, I determined now to bring to my aid our true art. The room began to grow dark. On the wait it and, as they did so. I caused a large image of the ace to appear. The two men turned deadly usie. Then I caused nose to appear all over the room, dancing and glewing.

"Holy herring!" exclaimed one of the men; "we vo bunceed old Nick!"

With that they made a rush for the door. But I had the key. The room began to fill with sulphurous smoke. The two men c-uild not breathe. With a wild vell they hurled themselved through the window into the street, and, bleeding from many cuts, fied for their lives.

As for me, I put out the suiphur lire which I haid kinded behind a chair, removed the wet han: kerchief irom my mouth, gathered up my cards and my mirrors, and departed in peace, \$14 alahed of the game.

had kinded central a chair temoved the wet handkerchief from my mouth, gathered up my cards and my mirrors, and departed in peace, \$14 abead of the game.

Verily, descendant of the Prophet, when thou goest abroad, always carry the apparatus of our Eastern art with thee.

The Heathen Chines on Top. When the heathen Chines first struck Omaha he was bullyragged and bulldozed in a way that was bad, and the buildozing was not al done by young hoodlums, either. There were a dozen or more young men who used to go ou and hunt for a row with "John," and if he was out on the street of an evening he was sure to got hurt. In these days the Chinaman fights back, but in those early days he would do any thing for peace. Three or four of us had convention one day, and the sense of the meet ing was that the Celestial should be protected As a first step we sent up to Chicago for a middie-weight prize fighter named Ed Horne, and when he reached Omaha we had our plans all laid. We got him the proper "togs" to play

when he reached Omaha we had our plans all laid. We got him the proper "togs" to play Chinaman in, used a little art in getting up his face and providing him a queue, and when he started out for a stroil one summer evening he was as natural-looking a Chinaman as ever walked the streets.

It wasn't long before the boys got after "John," and he purposely led them to a retired location. Then he turned on the crowd and piled a dozen follows in a heap and went out about his business. There was great astonishment and ladignation at the heathen's audacity, and next day six justy young fellows were appointed to "do him bad." In case he appeared on the streets again. He was out tempted to rush him they were made weary. The report then got out that a "fighting John" had struck town, and several serappers tackled him, to get the worst of it, and to declare that he was a phenomenon. After the formight for which we had hired him our "pug" refused to make a new engagement, explaining: "Gents. I have smashed throe knuckles, broken one finger, and lamed my shoulder nerhans for life. I have 'done up' over thirty fellows for you, saying nothing of those who got away, and, although you are very kind and I want to be courteous, you must let me off."

There was really no need for his further services. "John" was on top in that town for the next year, and even to this day the legend of the fighting Chinaman is more or less a protection to the rece.

NEWS OF THE THEATRES

"It strikes me," said a playmer who reads THE BUN every day in the year. "that we in America wouldn't suffer much if there were among us such an institution as a Government play examiner. I know he would en counter prejudice at once, because he's English; but he would earn his salary at least and benefit the theatre supporters of this era if he attended to his business. He would, of course, require to be a man of tasta possess-ing the critical faculty and the kees appreciation of the of the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction, but for the whole of the United Kingdom, and he is not infre tized divorce case, or the Passion Play. Of course, be has little difficulty in dealing with London managers. For the most part they have knowledge and experience, and will listen to reason, backed by authority. Now and then exceptional pressure is brought to bear in order to get a play Hoansed, but that is a rare occurrence. Small country managers, who have originally been barkeepers or bookmakers, are astonished when they are told that recent police cases are not destrable for representation on the stage. After a refussi to sanction the produc tion here or there of a Whitechapel murder drama, the provincial theatro manager comes to regard the play examiner as a great and capricious autocrat who cares nothing for the wants of the theatres. It is in conceivable to persons of this mental calibre that the most loathsome situations should not be represented on the stage. And that of itself is an argument, to my mind, if any argument be needed, why some kind of supervision in things theatrical is quite proper and necessary. The duty of the English play examiner, if you look at it in the generous way, may be defined as part of the maintenance of public order and morals. It is distinctly undesirable that such scenes should be put upon the stage amount to libel against individuals. Public men, it is true, may be and are chaffed and ridiculed in lines and sougs; but when it comes to 'making up' the players as the counterfeit presentment of living persons the censor intervenes. An American censor, for instance, would have prevented Nat Goodwin from making up as Gen. Putier in 'Evangeline,' or poor John Howson fro ridiculiny Mr. Taimage. The English examiner, howeve draws a very delicate line between French and English dramatic namphtiness. Places like Camille—in which there are no real ladies or gentlemen as characters—are permitted simply on the ground that it is not absolutely indecent, and is at least not likely to produce a disturbance. A distinct line is drawn between the plays produced in the French and in the English lan-guages. In the former case it is reasonably assumed that the persons who go to see them either go to the play when they are in Paris or have studied French drama literature, or journalism until they have lost the last vestige of squeamisiness. With English plays it is another matter, and the doctrine that nothing is so duli as indecency rightens the grass in which eccentric or daring authors and comedians are held."

"The newspapers are crying out against the prevailing homel ness of good singers and clever dancers," said the author of "Bric's Brac," the other day. "Of course, you don't come right out in the impolite old cry. The inference is that managers can help the muter, but that they won't. By some woeful perversity of idea, on general principles, has no weight with the sor-rowing, it is enough to know that there are always prominent sweet voices and winning voices, handsome figures and graceful figures, but, over all, faces gravened with sorrewful lines and wearened age. Now. the simple truth of the matter is that to find a comthat there is a compensating law of Providence in it all. They argue that it is only just that where so great a gift as one or the other exists there ought not to be a combination. However this may be, experience and close observation go to prove that they rarely go hand n hand, and when they do there is an enhanced value that puts most comedy managers out of the didding No manager could stand the cost of such exotics in any impressive number for a farce comedy, where the comedians are rather high-priced plants, and growing rarer. The only way out of the trouble, if a manager is to hold the valuable quantity of grace, youth, beauty. and voice in his farcical venture, is to search patiently for the untried and unknown genis which are to be dug up in this place and that, by the sensitive and realeus proprietor. I was nearly two years settling upon the members of my company, and I don't hesitate to say," he added, by way of a selfish moral to his tale, "that there will be heard some of the sweetest song birds in this piece that have ever been listened to hereabouts in many a long

Tannebili the younger is resolute and clever. He has made a mark as an actor, he can write rhymes fairly. and he has turned out a previous farce, "Zig Zug." that made a fortune for somebody size. In "Brich-Brac" he will get a chance to receive an author's just dues James Jay Brady, who is in the enterprise with him, came to New York from Buffalo four or five years ago. He had been a newspaper writer and a busin manager there, and here he was for several seasons J.
M. Hill's assistant in an important capacity. Then he
went to Nibio's, and now he is going to put his money into "Brica-Brac." He ought to win heavily, and pe

Pain & Son's "Last Days of Pompail" is successfull the largest of the season so far. Of course, the pyrorams caught a big proportion of the signiseers and ool seekers. There have been introduced a number of new effects, resulting in an improvement.

fo-morrow night Marion Manola goes back to the cast for her original rôle, and thus comes an end of one of the sillest prima denna episodes of the summer season. It bore only bas fruit. Miss Manola lost her \$175 wages for a number of weeks, and there was a drop in the box office receipts during her absence. Eugene Esperance Oudin, who has been taking a short vacation, will also retake his place in the cast to morrow evening. Propably with these changes the opera will get a fresh impetus

The record of the Casino's prosperity is unchanged. the grand army of transients. On the roof garden this week the Hungarian band will play a new programme The opera is bound to run well into September now. Lillian Russell is baving a vacation at Saratoga, and Anna O'Keefe is singing her role for the present.

Erdelyi Naczi's gypsy players, the always pleasi and sometimes instructive wax works, and the really interesting paintings are still the features of the Eden Musce. The attendance is quite good for summer. Dockstader's and the Bijou have shut their doc

again, the former for a month or so of darkness and the latter for the briefer and preparatory period of a week. Dockstader will return to Broadway in the fall, but he will probably not remain longer than early spring. To night the theatre will be in the hands of George Francis Train, who assures Tax Sus that he will give an exhilarating show. The Bijou will start again next week with a production from which a great deal is expected—that of "The Lion and the Lamb," a farelle do Sauld, and other competent persons are in th cast. W. S. Mulialy has rehearsed the musical portion of the piecs. It is to have a formight at the Bijon, and its fate hereafter depends upon the success it may make Only six or seven weeks remain for the exhibition of

the Battle of Gettysburg at the Four k avenue and Nine teenth street building. This will be warning enough for all who may have missed seeing the painting.

"The Burgiar," as the sole dramatic offering at the theatres just now, is naturally gaining wide attention.

The Madison Equare has held excellent audiences of late, and, with the kind of endersement the play is resiving, its later travels ought to turn out well. Kate Claxion is getting ready to take the house for her American curistening of "Bootic's Baby." That will occur. It is now certain, a week from to morrow night. Miss Clarton's husband, Charles A. Stevenson, will re turn to the stage on this occasion. Others in the cas will be W. A. Lackaye. C. W. Garthone W. H. Cromp ton, W. G. Reynier, little Gertie Homan, Blanche Weaver Lassite Comstock, Alice Leigh, and Miss Claxton her self. The comedy is based upon John Strange Winter story, "Mignon; or, Bootie's Baby."

Looking at Francis Wilson as he capers so funnily about in "The Oolah" at the Broadway, it is hard to believe that he once fancied himself a torn tragedian. That's an old story with comedians, too. Nat Goodwin to this day plumes himself upon his knack of doing a pathetic bit now and then. John T. Raymond, as all his friends will recall, used to think he could play Richard III. better than mest of the tragedians he had seen in that part, and perhaps he would think so still if he were alive and knew that Hichard Mansfield, who started as a comedian, has essayed the hunobbacked tyrant. Wil-son was speaking of his earlier tendencies. He came of Qualer stock, but the lack of theatrical inclination in his family was more than atoned for in the d sire that posseased him to become a player. "There are two things," he added, "in this world, that I often think I never learned. They are dancing and the study of the English language in all its branches. I picked up dancing by observation and assiduous practice. Then I read in Edwin Forrest's life that he once said an actor eight to know how to sing, fence, and dance, and it wasn't on before I could handle the folia very nicely. I also sang -a little; hardly so well even sa now. And to thin that after reading Forcest's life so closely and so fre-quently that I knew it by heart almost, I found my first boyish ideal in Lucille Western! She played in 'The Franch Spy,' then, and I used to think she was only

Everybedy on this side of the Atlantic will hope that

true. It was to the effect that Alice Atherton, who has been in England with her husband, Willie Edouin, for several seasons, has recently lost her reason through the death of a beloved child. Her disappearance would rob the stage of one of its most charming figures. Alles Atherton is one of those players who may be said to have been cradled in the wings, and to have almost opened infant eyes for the first time to the glare of the footlights. She is in very troth, what the Germans call a theotrekind. At three she was a child phenomenon. as claver as any we have since applauded. At 20 she was the leading soubrette at Wood's Museum hers. Her awest face, her plump figure, and her graceful dancing. just a tride risky at times, made her a conspicuous figure, and for three seasons she was an object of foyer gossip and of baidheaded adoration. Then she cast her fortunes with those of Edonin, who was at that time noted for his grotesque farcical ability, his iri h jigs. and his eccentric dances. Their tours soon met with success, and from their "Dreams" and "A Bunch of Keys" came the long series of farces that now pos-ess

our stage and a large share of our money. In private life Alice Edouin has been a devoted wife, a fond mother, a charming lady, and faithful friend. Let us hope the story the cable brings is too seriously told. Terrace Garden's programme of comic operas in their original German form will have several good changes this week. Fran Yon Januschowsky will continue to sing the leading roes, and the Amberg troups will give her worthy support. To-night a concert will be held.

This is the last week of the "Monte Cristo, Jr." burlesque at Koster & Blai's. There has been new spiris in the paredy since May Howard joined the cast to play Dastes. The Austin sisters on the Gying trapeze and Adrienne Aucion on the balancing trapeze are retained features of the olio, which is otherwise interesting in having several elever comedians and singers. Next week will see the first performance, under its present title, of Frederic Solomon's burlesque, "Randitti, or, Lamb'd in Corsica," This is a bright travesty of an old meledramatic theme, and has already won approval on the road as "Black Sheep." Manager Hal has sugaged an uncommonly large company.

John B. Deris's season of comic opera at a dime admission is still profitable at his Eighth avenue museum. Last week's performances were largely attended. To-morrow there will be a revival of an old favorite, and a change of attractions in both curio hall and theatre.

At first constant rains encumbered them, but with sun-skiny weather their fortunes ascended, and the current report is that not for many years have the ten shows, big and little, done so well. There are about thirty of them altogether, but not over half a dozen can claim to be of imposing magnitude. The wagon shows are not more numerous than they were five years ago. though observation of the Inter-State railroad law would suggest that they should naturally increase, if only to escape the high radicoad rates. Barnum and orepaugh are making a comfortable fortune every day that it doesn't rain.

get a friend to compose an air, with the provise that the three Generals mentioned should get together and hear it sung. The result was a song with the title and refrain of "Where the willow makes a shade," that being suggested by the willow trea trvat of the anecdote. The music was composed by Ellis Brooks. Gen Sheri-dan died before the verses were musically arranged. ien. Carr underwent a severe surgical operation for the removal of a cancer, and it was in his apartment, while gave effective expression to the story of the tramp reteran, and the observer's account says it was a sight to see the two Generals listening raptly to the melodious The minstrel vocalists of the Haverly Cleveland and other troupes are appealing to audiencea especially to war veterana with the song thus singularly provided.

A Remarkable Ring Story.

As is well known, Christian H. Miesel was a wictim of the Johnstown disaster. He was the manager of the Mansfield, O., base ball team, and had left that place for the purpose of visiting his family at Newark, N. J. He was positively known to have been a passenger on the unfortunate express which was destroyed. His body was not recovered for some days, and was buried under the belief that it was a man of the name of Mansfield. The story from that time on is romantic. Mrs Missel lately wrote to a relative at Hartford, acknowledging the receipt of \$100, which was contributed to be out of the proceeds of a festival given jointly by the toverners Foot Guard and Colt's band of that city. Miesel was manager of a Bariford ball team in the latter part of 1883 and the whole of 1844. The tear of less went to liartford from Newark, and was com-posed of many players who have since won consider able notoriety. The team included Dave Orr, Gil-bert limited (now of the New Yorks). "Tip" O'Neill, police force), Corcoran (brother of Larry Corcoran) and Dolan. This team played exhibition games, and and Doan. This team played exhibition games, and walloped nearly every team in that section. The next year Hartford had a Connecticut State League team, which Chris also managed. During the time he was at Hartford Miesel and Hatfield ran a small cigar store which Chris managed, but trafficid was there but little, being entaged on the ball field.

This business venture was not successful, and Chris

went into base ball again elsewhere. He was a comp tent scorer, and his score book was a model of neatness. He often conferred favors on the writer by furnishing scores for the press. His love for his little girl (he had but one child then; was something touching. He once told the writer, and he cried at the time, how she had suf-fered when sick, and how gladly he would have been sick in her place, as he was able to bear it and she was not. Chris was lost in the flood. The facts furnished by his wife are: He had left a car for some baggage and was swept down stream, and buried under the name of "Mansfield," there probably being some papers on his person directed to Mansfield. O. Some of his Jersey friends who went to Johnstown to ident him were satisfied that a mistake had occurred, and duced the local authorities to send to the Mayor of Jer sey City a ring taken from the body of "Manafield This ring had initials on it other than Miesel's, and so the body was regarded as not his. The following day, how-ever, Mrs. Miesel received a letter from a friend of her husband, telling hor that he had lent money to a you man in Oil City, taking a ring as security. This young man was found at Dansville, N. Y., and his name corre-sponded to the initials of the ring. In this singular manher the body was identified beyond question as that of the unfortunate Chris Miccol.

How Ah Sin Worked the Boys.

From the San Francisco Chronicle. From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Sergeant Wittman arrosted a highbinder of Monday night, and while searching him found a cleve device which explains the phenomenal lock that will Mongolian has been enjoying a roker of inte. The arrangement consists of a steel clip, which is fasters inside of one cleve. Two cords reach up the sleeve across the breast and down the tuther sleeve to the hand, where one is fastered to the thumb and the other to one of the fagers. By a pull of one cord the clip reaches out and false in a card, which is at once draw up the sleeve. Fulling the other cord causes the cart be said out into the hand of the player with lighting rapidity, and without any part of the mechanist being exposed. The fellow who had the machine fough strenusually against giving it up.

Welcoming a fion-in-law.

From the Derroit Free Press.

One of Detroit's gilded youths is soon to be married to a pretty gill who is the youngest of a family of six. When he offered himself to the girl alse referred him to her father. Who is a plain, sensible man with no nonsense about him. He noted the young man over and eased him about his collectrain and learned with some surprise that he hadd't any, he was a clerk on a small salary which was hardly snough for one to live on confortably. But I love your damplier. He ended he say it. I love her very tenderly and she loves mend i promise if you will give her to me to make her her the state of the state of the state of the say. saying. "Liove her very tenderly and she loves me and I promise if you will give har to make her happy." All right," said the old man grimly, "take her. I've only six to provide for now, and one more wen't make much difference."

LETTERS FROM SUN CORRESPONDENTS.

The twentieth century begins at midnight between Dec. 81, 1000, and Jan. 1, 1801. A century must consist of a full hundred: therefore the first century ended, supposedly, Dec. 31, A. D. 100, and the first year of the second century was 101 A. D. If you were 10 be paid \$200, you wouldn't be content with \$200 for the first centory of dollars, in order that the second centary might begin with 100: when you wans a century of dollars, you want \$100: in a century of years you want 100 years. This to V. Darnson and others.

Which State is the "Sucker State," and way is it so Illinois to the State. Correspondents of American Notes and Queries gives two reasons for its being so called: One is that early settlers on the prairies ob-tained water by sucking through tubes thrust into the holes made by the crawfish. Another is that the mines in northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin were worked by men who went South when winter and returned about the time that suckers appeared in the brooks in spring time in lilinois, and that badgers showed themselves in Wisconsin, and that from this they were called "Suckers" and "Badgers," and gave their nicknames to the two States.

Has the Chief of Police in any city a right to arrest a person for misdemeanor without a warrant? can be enter a private apartment without a warrant? N. M. P. The right to arrest depends on local statutes; but as a rule a policeman cannot arrest a person without a war-rant except for breach of the law committed in his liceman can't enter a bouse without a warrant unless the owner allows him to do so. When a policeman is chasing a person, however, he will try to force an en-trance into a house where the fugitive has taken refuge.

relying on the inmates being either too frightened or

too much mixed up with the fugitive to resist. But he

Where was electricity first used? Who first sent a

Thates, a wreek philosopher, who lived 600 years be-fore Christ, is said to have known the electrical prop-

acts illegally, all the same.

The circuses are now having a glorious season of it.

One of the songs used by the minstrel companies just now was evolved interestingly. The etery is told by the Utica coverver. At an annual dinner in memory of Gen. tirant the company included Gens. Sperman, Sheridan related to a soldler in the Second New York Volunteers. of which Carr was Colonel at the outset. In a battle piece of an exploded shell struck the man on the head at a gave to him what would ordinarily have proved a fatat wound. He lay insensible among the dead for bours, notody supposing that he was nive. Those who went to him found gripped in one hand a small portion of a letter from his wife. In this she spoke of a furough which had been granted to him and which he was going to use for a visit to his home, his health being poor. She wrote affectionately of their wedlock, re-minded him of a willow tree under which they had dene some of their courtship, and told him on the day for his arrival she would meet him there. In the hurr and confusion he was left lying with this paper still in his grasp. Night fell upon the battle field with the dead unburied. In the morning the bodies of the slain were havily buried in a trench. It was supposed that our soldier was among them. But he was not During the night he had revived and wandered away. Word was sent to his home that he was dead, but as a matter of fact be wandered off to a distant hor pital remained there unidentified until his wounds bealed, and was discharged utterly without memory of the past. It happened that he retained the merest scrap of his wife's letter, but without name or place left on it. This he retained, and with a vague knowledge try for four years. Then mere chance or a shadow; recollection of his home led him to the very spot whe his wife had promised to meet him. It was the willow tree close to his old home, and there he actually found her. The shock of joy and recognition nearly if not quite cured him of his malady. Gen Carr told the atory very touchingly, and it made a pathetic impres-sion upon his hearers. One of them was a rhymster. and turning to him Gen. Sheridan said: "You ought to make verses out of that "

"It should have music, too," Sherman suggested. "It would make a spiendid song."

The rhymster promised to undertake the job, and to

its horse car business began.

A. M. W. writes to the San Francisco Coll that the air of "The Siar Spangled Banner is an old English time," Apacreen in Heaven." A. M. W. refers to his for her mother who came to this country in 1812, and used to sing the original song, and was dissatished at finding the time amonopolized. Can you tell me anything about the tune, authoritatively. Beavie.

A. M. W. is certainly correct; "Anacreon in Heaven" was a well-known air when the "Star Spangled Sannor" was written, in 1814, and Key directed his friend Eades, who had the song set up and printed, to put at the head the world, "To be the words, "To be sung to the tune of Anacreon t

ls it good form for ladies to visit such "art galleries" as that of the Hoffman House? If so, at what time in the day? the day?

G. C. K.

Many women, presumably ladies from their attire, do
visit such "art galleries:" the usual time is before noon,
but women, and even children, have visited the Hogman House "art" display, attended by men, as late as 11 o'clock in the evening. The earlier the better,

though, if you must go.

A. F. S.—There seems to be no steamer for Asbury
Park; you have to go by rail.

Charles Leonard.—No educational qualification for

J. Becker.-The lowest height at which a man can obtain a place on the police force is we believe, 5 feet 6 J. F. Foley.-Poor's "Manual of Railroads" for 1880

gives the names of the directors of every railroad in the country. W. E. S .- Our Minister to Para in 1872-3 was Prancis

Thomas, who was killed in a railroad accident in Mary-land Jan. 22, 1876. J. E. Barker,-Mr. Cleveland, while President, wrote a letter in favor of Col. John R. Fellews, who was run ning for the District Attorneyship at the time. G. S. R.-The peems you want by an anenymous

author, beginning:
"Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull." s to be found in the "Household Book of Poetry."

W. C. Ressly .- Mr. Ernest H. Crosby was appointed by President Harrison Judge of the International Court at Cairo, Egypt: he will try cases involving foreigners and natives or foreigners and foreigners, sitting with Judges T. S Ch. and H. O'Corp.-1. As a rule a foreigner can-

not buy land in this country. 2. He can hewever hold land given to him by will. 3. A person who comes here under the age of 18 can obtain final papers when he is 23 years eld, but not before

Bruce A. Davids.—The Oneida Community is a re-

ligious organization founded by John Humphrey Noyes. The members believed in community of everything, sexual or material. You can get "Appleton's Diction-ary of New York" from D. Appleton & Co. G. W. A .- The steamer City of Rome was built by the

Sarrow Steamship Co. for the Inman Company, that company refused to accept her because she did not ful-di the specifications, and she is still ewned by her build-ers. She is chartered by the Anchor Line Company.

H. D. C.-When you go back to Germany keep quiet; don't brag about having escaped military stuty; do your business and come away. The German Government has no real right to interfere with American citizens who don't break its laws, but it naturally decen't want men in your position to stay in Germany, snapping their fingers at the military laws. You might report your arrival to the United States Consul in the nearest own; but prace and quiet will denbiless keep you out

M. E. E .- In the "Peace Jubilee" of 1869, which began June 15 and lested five days, there was a chorus of 10,371 persons and an erchestr. of 1,084 pieces. Ole Bull was first and Carl Rosa second. vfolin: and 100 men pounded 30 anvils. The second Jubiles began June 17, 1872, and lasted until July 4. There was a chorus of 20,000 voices and an orchestra of 1,000 pieces. Fram Abt conducted and so did Johann Strauss: the bands of the Grenadier Guards from London of the Kaiser Franz Grenadiers of Berlin and of the Garde Republi-cains of Faris were precent, as well as the Euppers of Germany's scenes quartes. The auditorium held about

GOSSIP ABOUT THE BOXERS.

SMITH'S CHALLENGE TO SULLIFAN IS MIGHTY FINE.

But Sullivan is Dictator, and He is Laying Down the Law Just Now-The Profits of a Great Boxing Match in California, It doesn't pay to nurse a grudge. The man who persistently strives to get even seldom gets ahead. This is a homely maxim, but it is as true as preaching, and every one, properly brought up, knows that there is nothing truer than this. For seven years John L. Sullivan has been, in and out of season, opposed both at home and abroad, because he will not permit himself to be made an advertising card for his enemy. So far the efforts of this enemy to down the big fellow have cost him not far from \$75,000, and to-day John is higher on the pugilistic ladder than he ever was before. But his enemy has not relented. At first he could not believe that Sullivan had again triumphed over him, but being con-vinced that he had he at once set about finding another victim to take Kilrain's place. Before the battle at Richburg Sullivan said

that, win or lose, he would never fight under London ring rules again, and this determination was fashed across the cable to Europe. and it gave Sullivan's malignant enemy & handle for fresh means to antagonize him. Richelleu approvingly quoted the story of the old fellow who, "when the lion's skin fell short, eked it out with the fox's," The ox in this case was alort, and he got Jem Smith's manager, who is about all there is of the semi-mythical "Pelican Club" of London to challenge the American champion on behalf of his protege. He was

Where was electricity arts used! Who first sets a treat phinospher, who lived 600 years before Christ, is said to have known the electrical properties of rubbed ambro. Onto was Gostinka in 1875, the control of the properties of rubbed ambro. Onto was Gostinka in 1875, the control of the properties of rubbed ambro. Onto was Gostinka in 1875, the control of the properties of rubbed ambro. Onto was Gostinka in 1875, the control of the properties of rubbed ambro. Onto was Gostinka in 1875, the control of the properties of rubbed ambro. Onto a control of the properties as he pleased and could, but I do condemn him for hitting Suilivan time and again below the belt, for spiking him in the cruellest manner, and for repeatedly lailing to soratch, as the rules required him to do. I blame Suilivan, too, for his two fouls, but, though one of them was the worst I ever saw in a ring, this can be said in his extonuation, that he saw, to use a slang phrase, that "everything went," and he thought he would show Rikrain that two could play at his game. He is so square and fair a lighter, however, that his worst attempt was futile. When he attempted to jump on Rilrain with his knees his intent was worse than the result, for only one of his knees touched Kilrain, and that one barely grazed him. Had he fallen squarely on Jake as he intended, he would have killed him or crippled him for life.

than the result, for only one of his knees touched Kiirain, and that one barely grazed him. Had he fallen squarely on Jake as he intended, he would have killed him or crippled him for life.

But the crowning objection to the old style of ring fighting is this: its rules, while intended to be fair, are so lax and so by custom systematically violated that the best man has not an even change of winning under them. They have enabled tricksters like Yankee Sullivan, Bendigo, and Charley Mitchell to cope with men far their superiors. They have had their day, and the sooner they become obsolete the better it will be for all concorned. Sullivan sets all puglistic fashions, and he has but to man this foot firmly on his announced decision to contend no more under London ring rules and they are things of the cast.

Tending the Sullivan-Smith match, the next affair of prominence is the proposed match between Poter Jackson, the Australian darky, and Jack Ashton of Providence. As yet the affair is in embryo. Parson Davies, who is now Jackson's manager, and Billy Madden, who has Ashton's affairs in charge, have talked it over and they are willing that the men should have a golf a suitable place for it can be procured. None can be had in this city and it will be difficult to get sporting men to have it while the big racing is on. However, they may come together, and if they do Ashton should make a good showing with the Australian.

Jack Dempsey and George La Blanche, the Marine's friends believe that he will have a much better chance with Jack with four-ounce gloves on his hands than he did when they fought with skin-tights. They think that as Dempsey is not a rapid punisher he will be able to tire the Nonparell out and then bave him at his mercy. They must not forget, however, that two can jalay at that game, and that George is not as young and as fresh as he was a few years ago. He has lived pretty randity of late, and the form he showed in his go with Varley, when he tired in a few rounds, though he had overything his own w

Empty Hotels Down East.

New London, July 27 .- From the stately Pequot House all along shore eastward the proprietors of summer hotels bemoan the frigid senson and sigh for the summer quest with seven trunks who cometh not. A frost fell in all parts of the State on Tuesday mornisel in all parts of the State on Tuesday morning, the air felt like that of October, and men wear fall overconts in the cool evenings. There is only a handful of guests at Watch Hill, Block leland, Narraganset Pier, and Newport, and the less pretentious places have none. An eastern Connecticut man spent a night at a fashionable hotel a few miles east of New London the other day. He was the only guest. He slept in the best bed, while the sea breeze blew a dirge all night in the empty house. At breakfast he are alone amid a multitude of tables that had been laid with crockery and silver for the absent guests, and an army of tables that had been laid with crockery and sliver for the absent guests, and an army of idle waiters strove with each other in an effort to wait on him. After the meal he sauntered up to the gilded hotel clerk and solemning in-quired: "Is this Robinson Crusoe's island?" "It is," replied that and person. "Yell, then, where's Friday!"